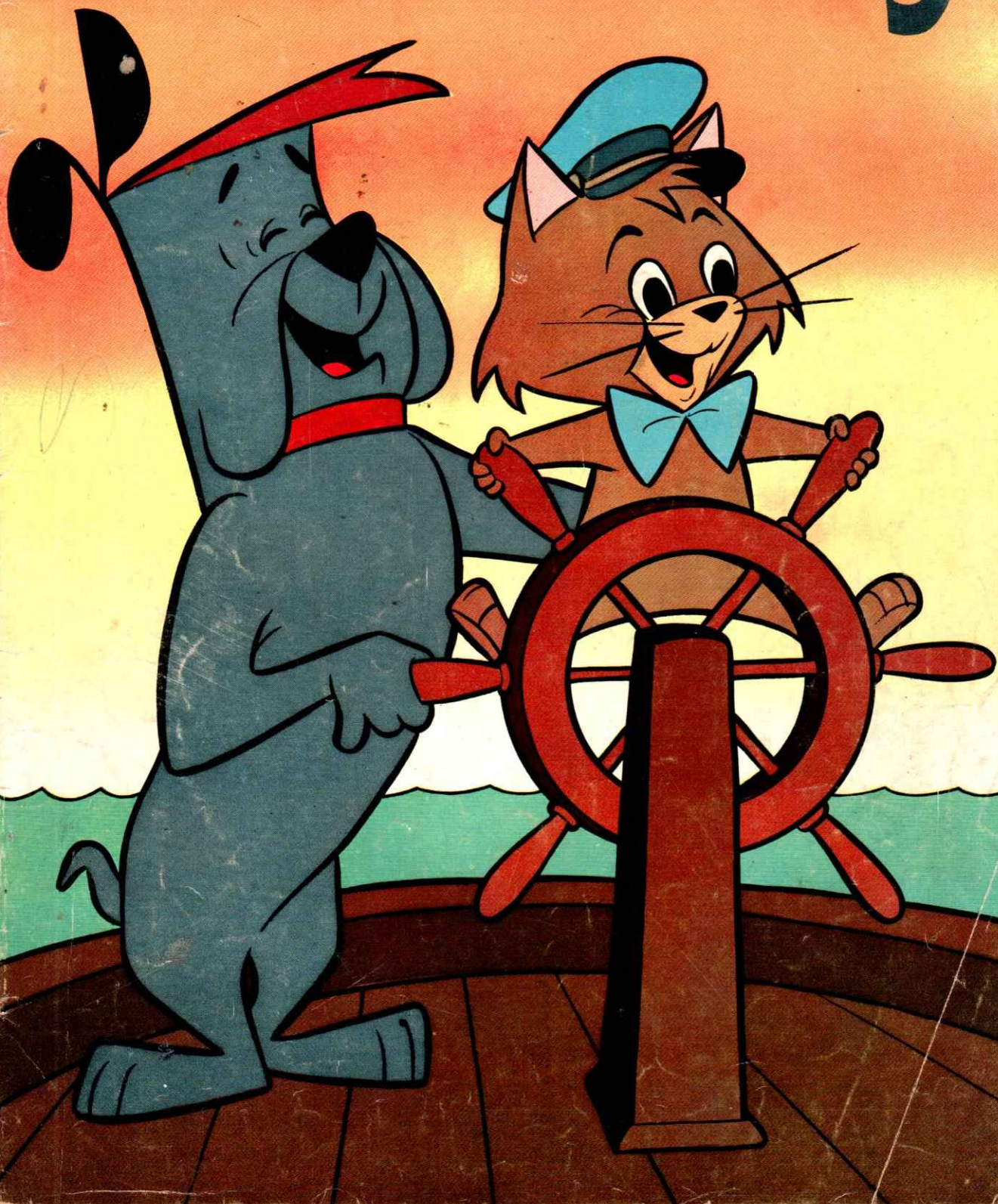


DELL

Ruff and Reddy

JULY-SEPT.

Still 10¢



RUFF and REDDY

DOUBLE DRIBBLE

SQUISH!
SQUISH!



SQUISH!
SQUISH!



SQUISH!



SQUISH!



SQUISH!
SQUISH!



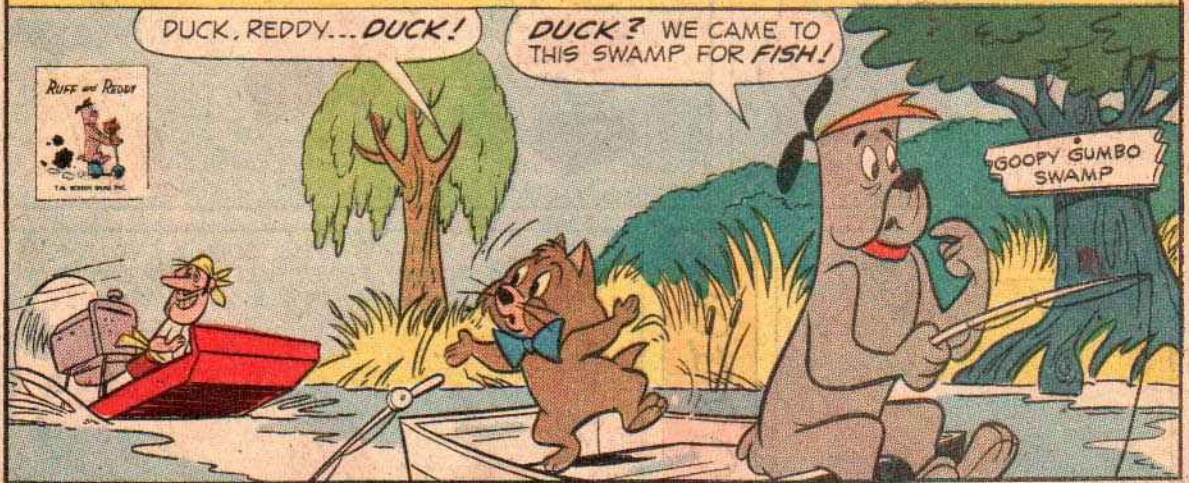
A BAD CASE OF LEAKY
SQUIRT GUNS!

SQUISH!

SQUISH!



Ruff and Reddy PIRATE PATROL

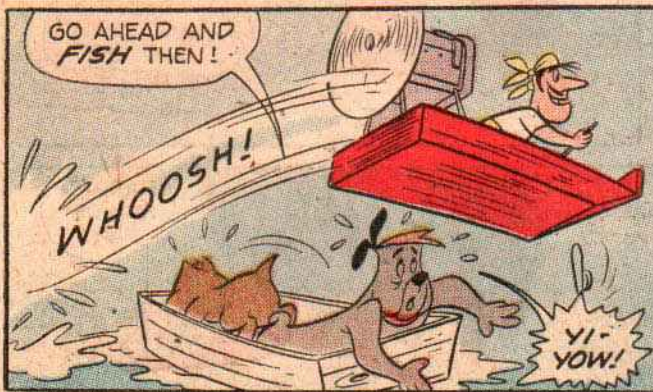


DUCK, REDDY... DUCK!

DUCK? WE CAME TO THIS SWAMP FOR FISH!



GOOPY GUMBO SWAMP



GO AHEAD AND FISH THEN!

WHOOSH!

YI-YOW!



WHAT WAS THAT?

LET'S NAME IT LATER! RIGHT NOW, DUCK AGAIN! HERE COMES SHERIFF COTTON E. PICKENS!



CRASH!

Eek! I'm gonna be like a duck all right... all wet!



OH, YOU BLUBBERING FOOLS... YOU GOT IN MY WAY, AND NOW TWO-BITT LA FITT, THE PIRATE, IS ESCAPING!

GOSH! A GUY IS SAFER NOWADAYS ON THE FREEWAY!

RUFF+R #6-607

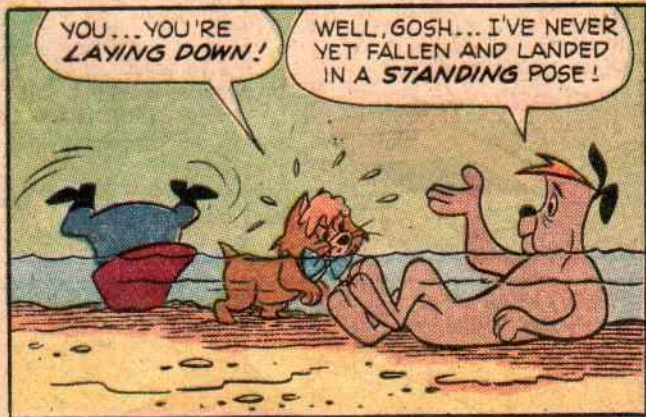
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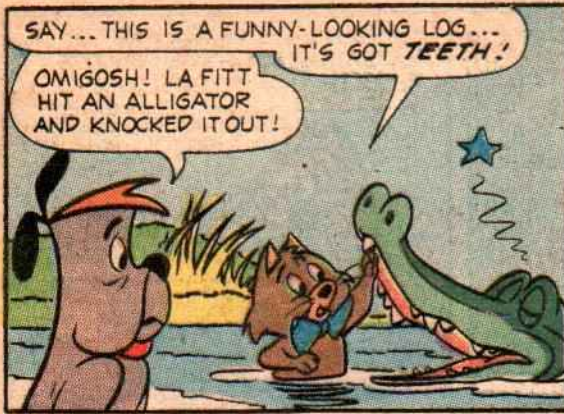
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



SWOOSH!





SAY... THIS IS A FUNNY-LOOKING LOG... IT'S GOT **TEETH!**

OMIGOSH! LA FITT HIT AN ALLIGATOR AND KNOCKED IT OUT!

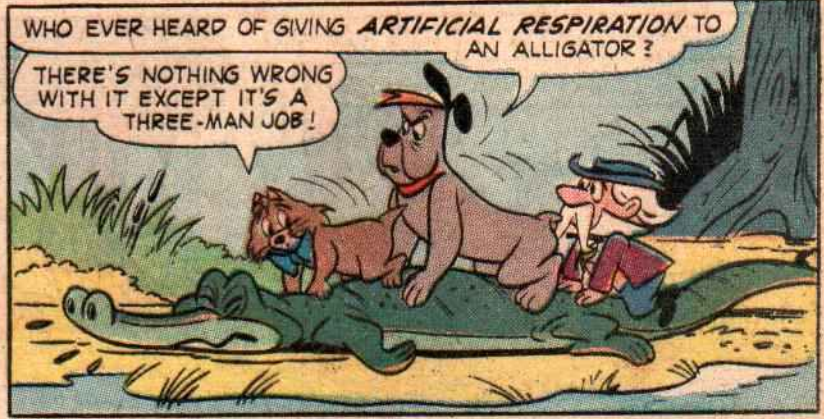


COME ON, HE'S SWALLOWED WATER! LET'S GET HIM ON SOLID GROUND!

WELL, I SUPPOSE IT IS THE HUMANE THING TO DO!



BUT... DOGGONE! THIS IS CARRYING THE RESCUE **TOO FAR, RUFF!**



WHO EVER HEARD OF GIVING **ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION** TO AN ALLIGATOR?

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH IT EXCEPT IT'S A **THREE-MAN JOB!**



LOOK! HE'S COME TO!



HE'S GRATEFUL, REDDY! WE'VE MADE A FRIEND FOR LIFE BY RESCUING HIM!

VERY TOUCHING, BUT ALL THIS ISN'T HELPING ME CATCH LA FITT, THE PIRATE!



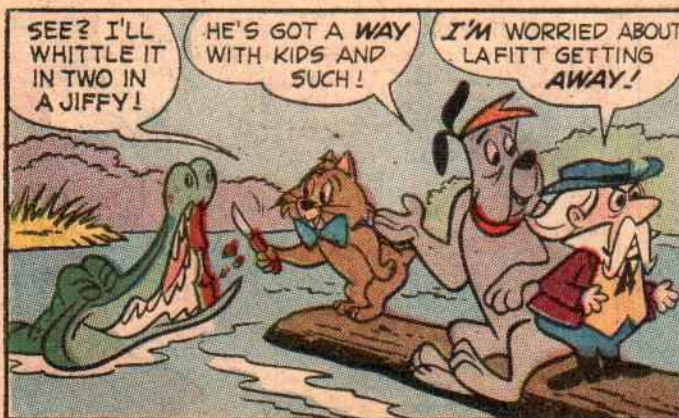
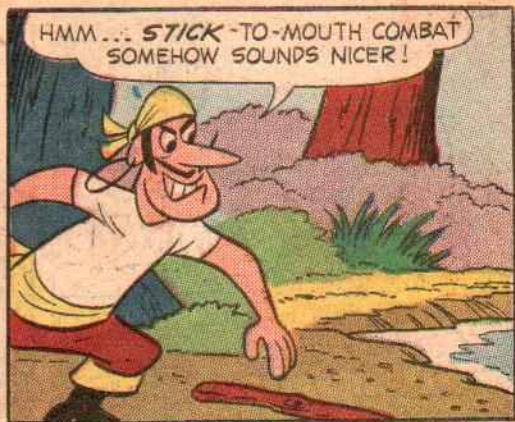
HMM... MAYBE THE ALLIGATOR **CAN HELP!** HE'S CHOPPING HIS CHOPPERS IN THE DIRECTION LA FITT FLED!

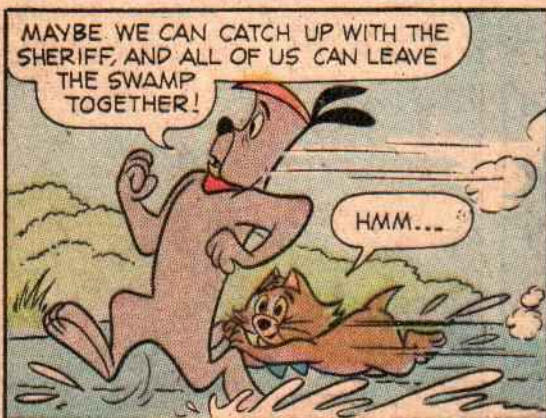
CHOP!
CHOP!



COME ON! I THINK HE'S GOING AFTER LA FITT TO GET EVEN FOR THAT BONK ON HIS HEAD!







TWO-BITT LA FITT THINKS WE'VE LEFT, SO NOW IS A GOOD TIME TO PULL A **SNEAK ATTACK!**

MAKE IT A **SNEAK RETREAT,** AND I'M WITH YOU!

COME ON! IT WON'T BE TOO DIFFICULT ONCE WE SILENCE THAT PARROT LOOKOUT!

WE'LL GET THE BUSY-EYED BIRD'S ATTENTION IN ANOTHER DIRECTION FIRST!

NOW ... GRAB HIM, REDDY!

SPLASH!

HEH! I'VE GOT THE PARROT... NOW YOU GET THE PIRATE!

OKAY!

I'LL SNEAK UP ON HIM WHILE HE'S DIGGING...

FLUMP!

UGH! THAT WON'T WORK... I DON'T HAVE ANY GOPHER BLOOD IN ME!

AHA!

CLANK!



MY TREASURE CHEST! I'LL PUT IT IN MY SWOOSHMOBILE AND GET FAR AWAY BEFORE THE SHERIFF RETURNS WITH HIS POSSE!

WELL, IT'S GOOD-BY, PIRATE! OH, YEAH?



LET'S TAKE HIS SWOOSHMOBILE... THEN HE'LL BE TRAPPED!

YEAH! HE'LL BE AT OUR MERCY!



KEEP YOUR HAND OVER THE PARROT'S MOUTH!

MUM'S HIS WORD!



HALP!

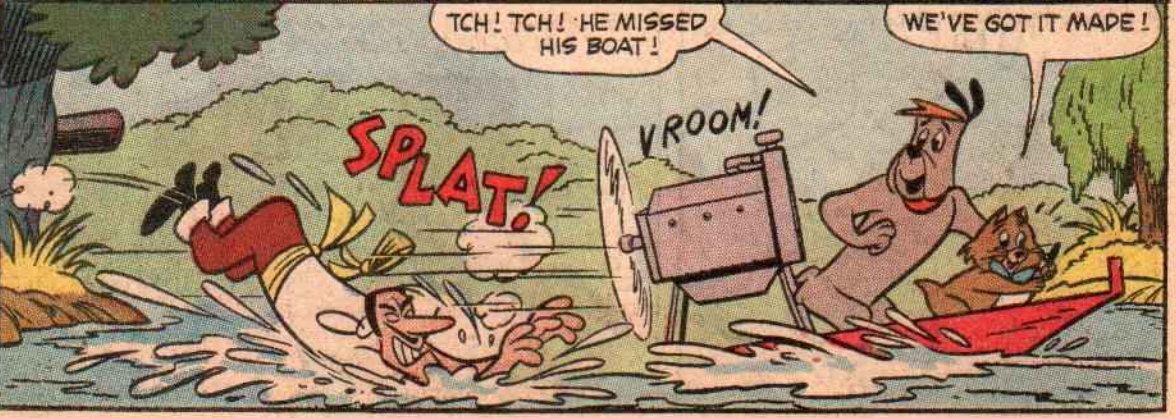
EEK! KEEP THAT BIRD QUIET!



THE PARROT DIDN'T SAY A WORD! I YELLED 'CAUSE HE BIT ME!

GRR!

GET ABOARD, QUICK!

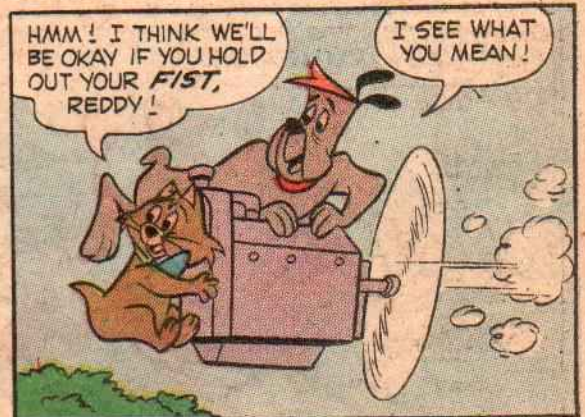
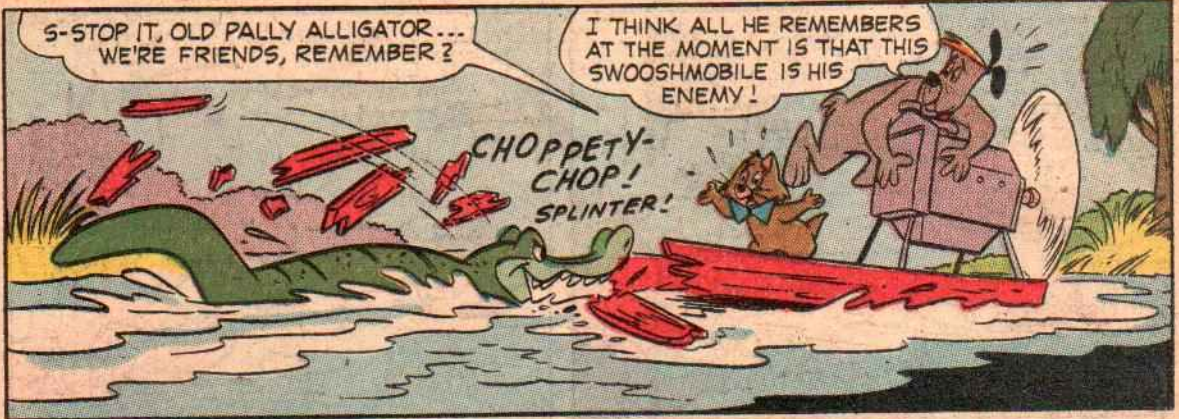
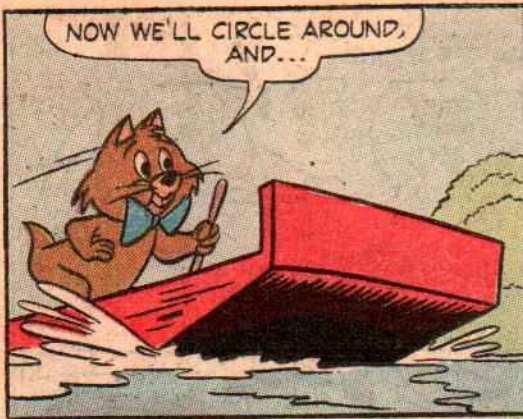


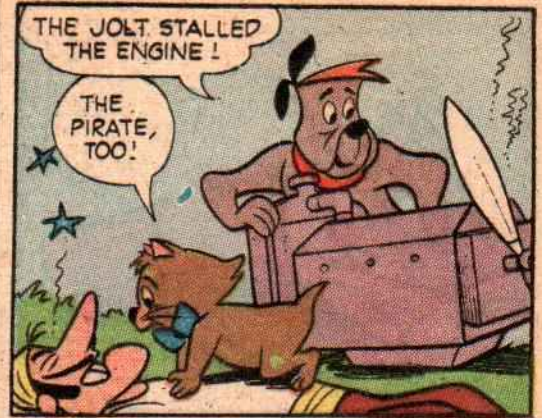
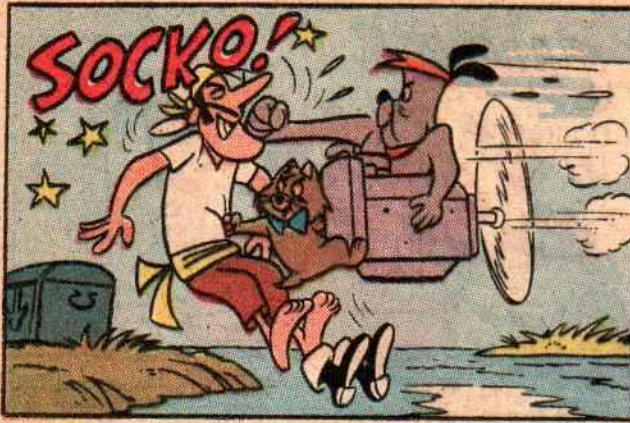
TCH! TCH! HE MISSED HIS BOAT!

WE'VE GOT IT MADE!

SPLAT!

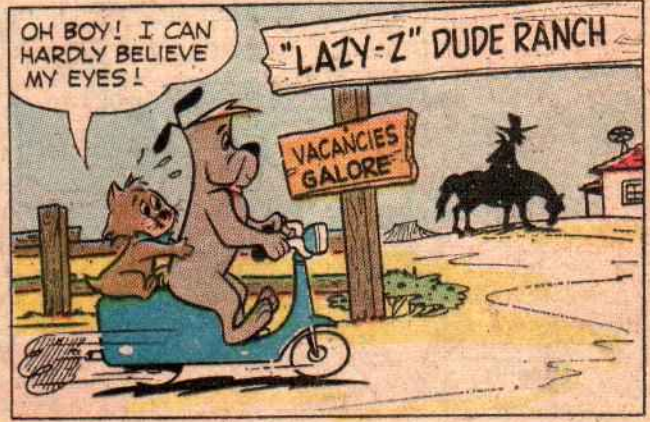
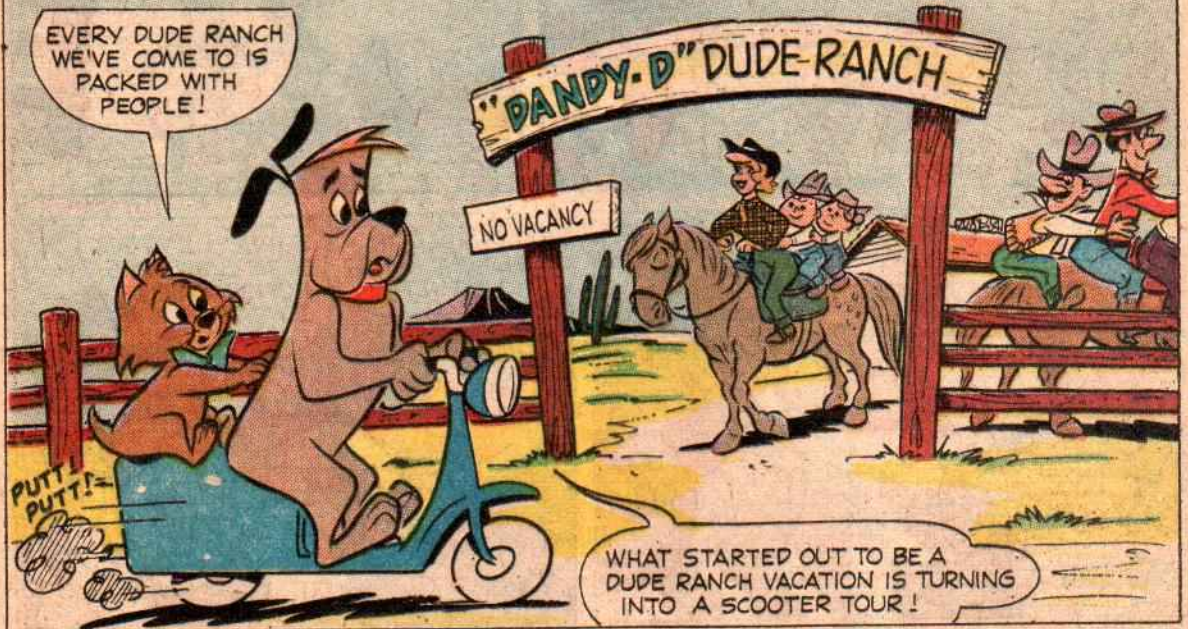
VROOM!



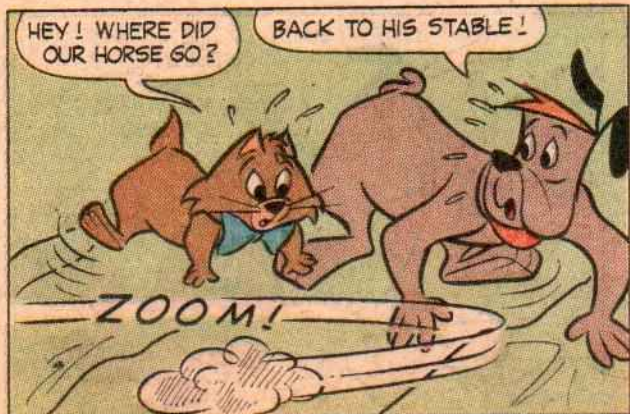
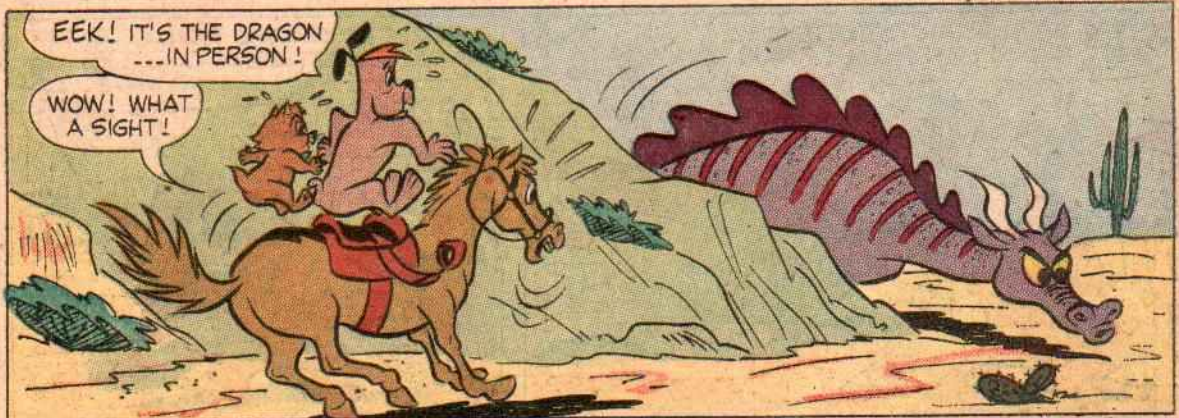
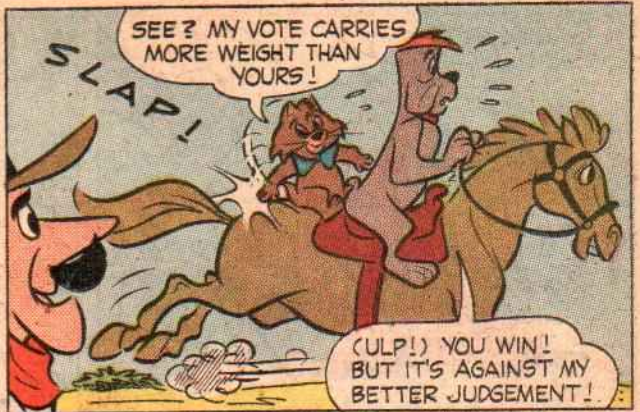


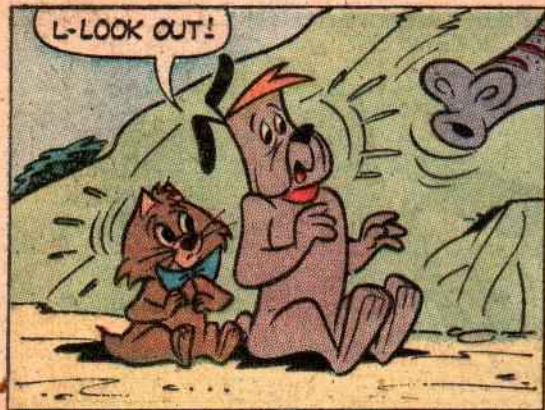
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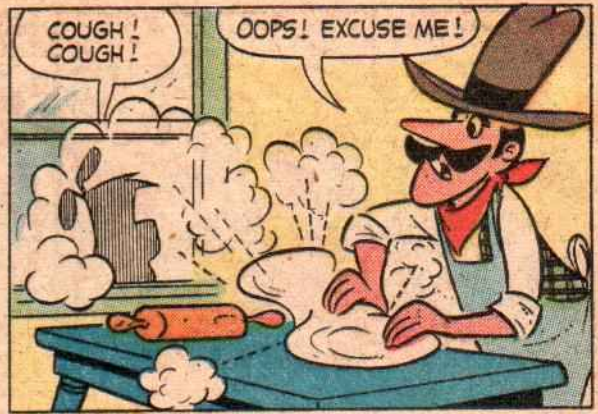
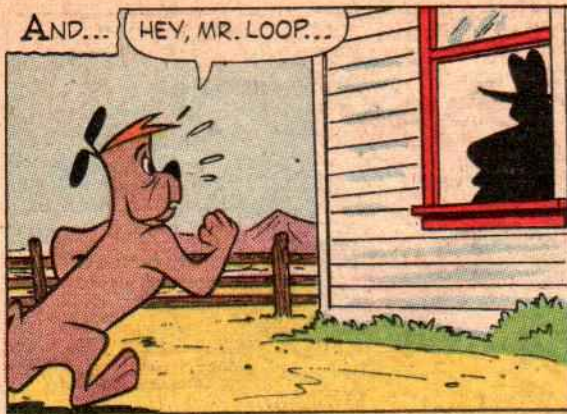
TWO DUDE DO-GOODERS

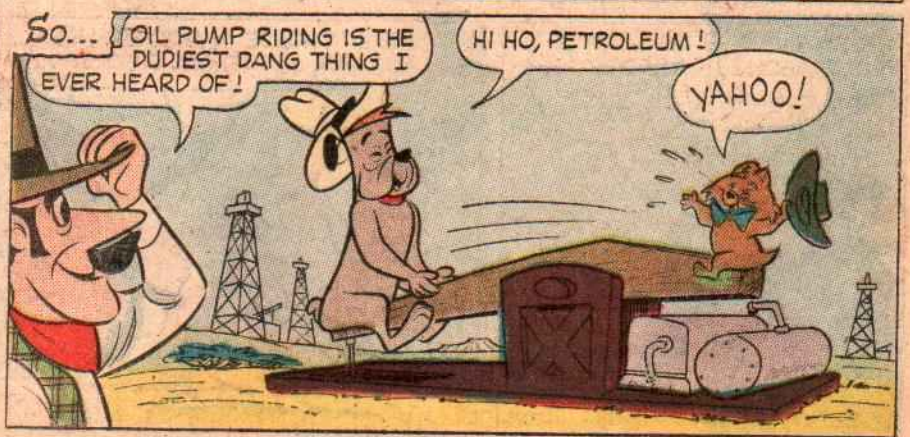
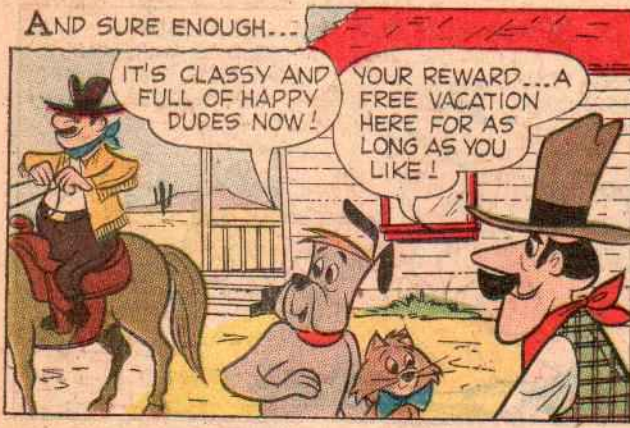
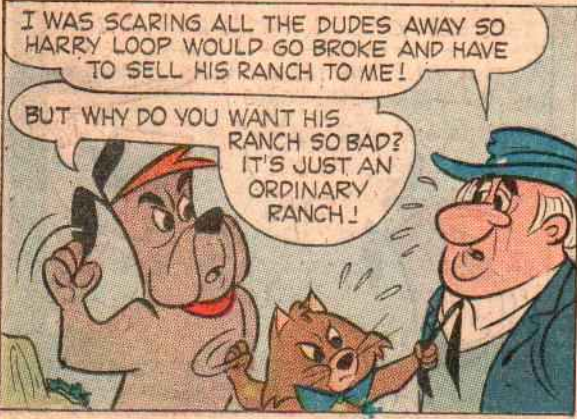
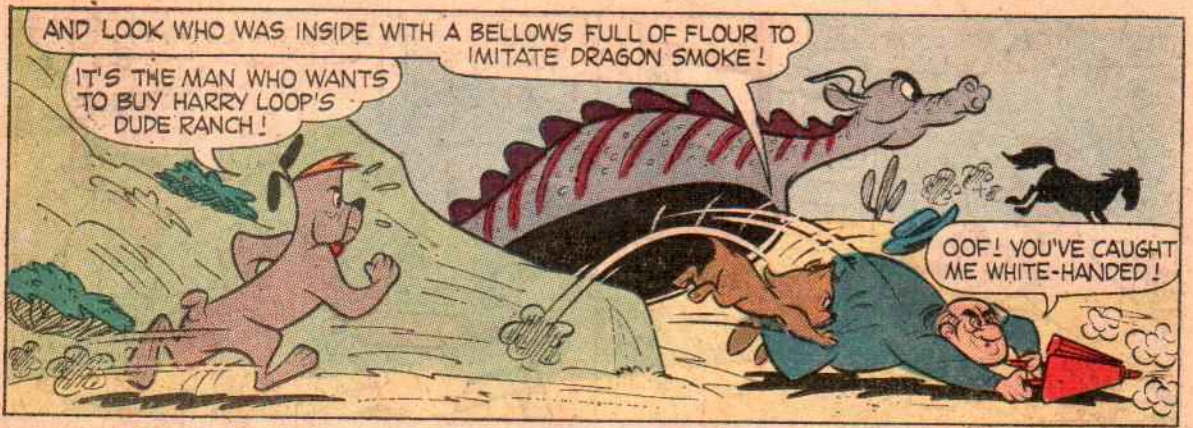


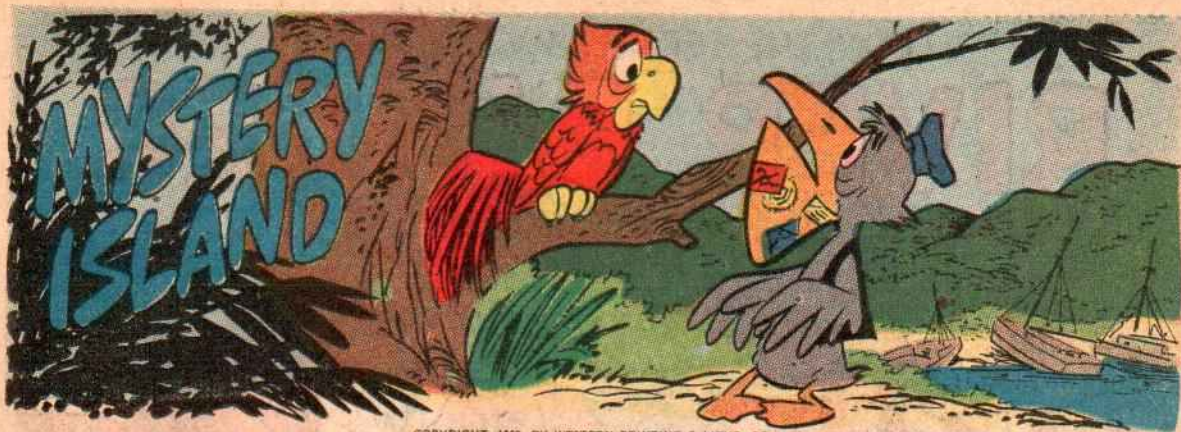












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One day, Cap'n Pete, the world-traveling pelican, swooped down from the blue skies to rest on a small atoll in the South Pacific.

Fishing boats were pulled up high on the sandy shore of the lagoon in front of a native village, but the area was strangely devoid of people.

"Well, swab my decks, where is everybody?" Cap'n Pete squawked aloud as he waddled up the deserted street of the village.

He poked his inquisitive beak inside one hut after another and found them all to be empty. Even the jungle around the village was quiet, as if there wasn't a single living creature on the whole island.

"Blow me down!" he exclaimed with surprise, "it seems like the whole crew's abandoned the island for some reason. I wonder why."

As he was pondering the mystery, a sudden raucous cry from the deep green foliage of a nearby tree made him jump with alarm.

"Waaawk! They're all gone! Waaawk! But I was too smart for them. All those strange men weren't making me leave my home!" a hoarse voice cried shrilly.

"Whew, you gave me a start there, matey!" Cap'n Pete gasped as he spied a colorfully plumaged parrot in the tree. "I can see everyone has left the village, all right, but where did they go? And why? And how did they get off the island without their boats?"

"Humph! You're an inquisitive old fellow, aren't you?" the parrot said saucily.

"All right, smarty, stow the sassy gab and start giving out with some answers!" Cap'n Pete snapped testily. "I want to get at the bottom of this mystery."

"Well, if you must know, a great big boat came along and took all the natives off the

island," the parrot explained haughtily. "The villagers took everything they could carry. And the crew of the boat even captured all the birds and animals and took them along, too. All except me," he said proudly. "I was too smart to be caught."

"Hmm, I sure don't like the looks of this," Cap'n Pete muttered with a worried frown. "The only big boats in this area are battleships and..."

Before he had finished his sentence, Cap'n Pete was interrupted by a thunderous roar, followed by a tremendous explosion which shook the whole island.

"Waaawk! Waaawk!" the parrot screeched with alarm. "What was that?"

Cap'n Pete was already in the air, flapping skyward as fast as he could go. Once high above the treetops, he spied the dim outline of a ship, far out on the horizon.

"It's a battleship!" he croaked anxiously, quickly swooping down to the parrot again.

"Abandon ship, matey!" he called shrilly. "The navy's using this island for target practice for their big guns. That's why the natives left. They must have been moved to new homes on another island. Clear the decks and follow me!"

"Oh, dear," the parrot squawked worriedly. "No wonder they went around and took all the animals off the island, too. I guess I wasn't so smart to get away from them, after all. I wish I was far away from here, now."

"Come on, it's still not too late to heist full sail!" Cap'n Pete urged as another shell rocked the island with a thunderous explosion. "Now that we have the solution to this mystery, the best thing to do is to get far enough away so we can forget the whole shattering experience!"

LEON, THE TEENSY-WEENSY LION

RIVER DANGER

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HI, LEON! DADDY'S HUNTING FOR BIG LIONS DOWN BY THE RIVER, SO I CAME TO PLAY WITH YOU!

REALLY? ER...I'D BETTER WARN MY BIG BUDDIES, FIRST!



SST! FELLAS...THE BIG HUNTER'S HUNTING BY THE RIVER TODAY!

THANKS, LEON! WE'LL STAY AWAY FROM THE RIVER THEN!



GOOD! I DON'T WANT MY DADDY TO SHOOT ANY BIG LIONS!

THE BIG LIONS FEEL THE SAME WAY!



AND NOW THAT I'M ABLE TO TIP THEM OFF ABOUT YOUR DADDY, THE BIG LIONS DON'T MAKE FUN OF TEENSY ME ANY MORE! I'M IMPORTANT!

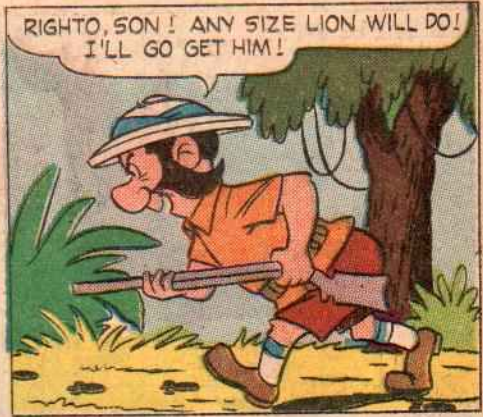
AND YOU'RE A GOOD PLAYMATE FOR A TEENSY LION HUNTER LIKE ME!



LEON!!

EEEK! AN EAR-RAID!





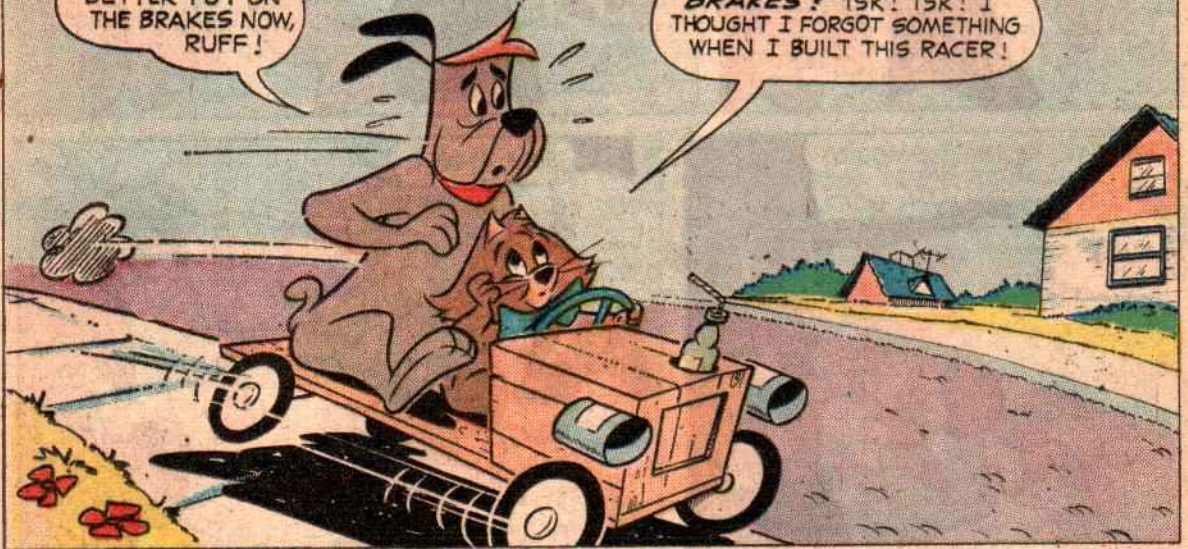


Ruff and Reddy

THE BROKEN BRICK TRIP

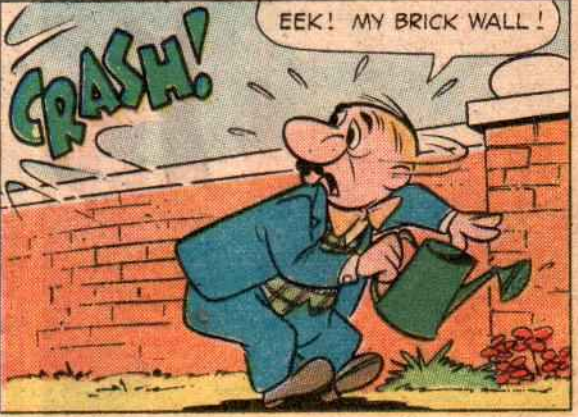
BETTER PUT ON THE BRAKES NOW, RUFF!

BRAKES? TSK! TSK! I THOUGHT I FORGOT SOMETHING WHEN I BUILT THIS RACER!



YOU FORGOT BRAKES?!

YES, BUT THANKS FOR REMINDING ME!

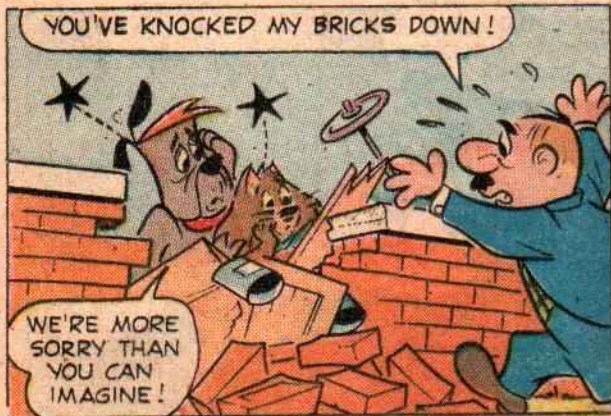


EEEK! MY BRICK WALL!

CRASH!

YOU'VE KNOCKED MY BRICKS DOWN!

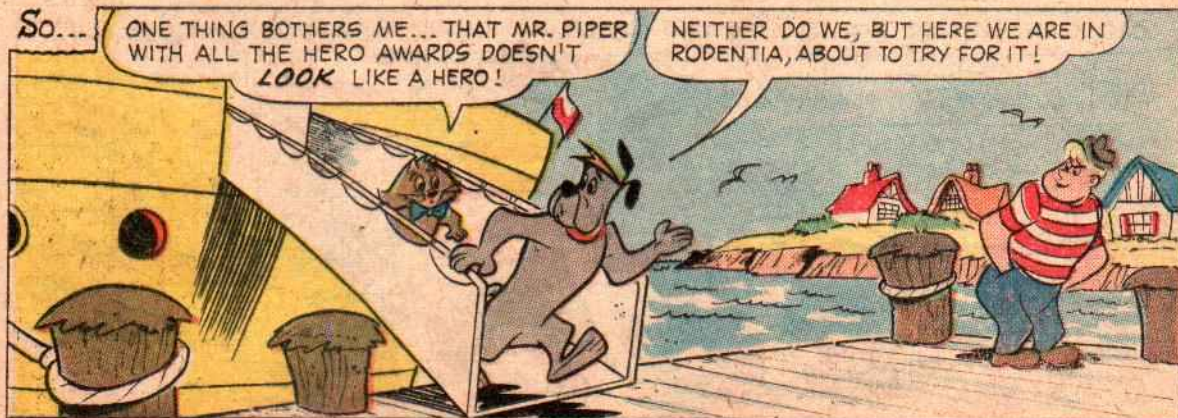
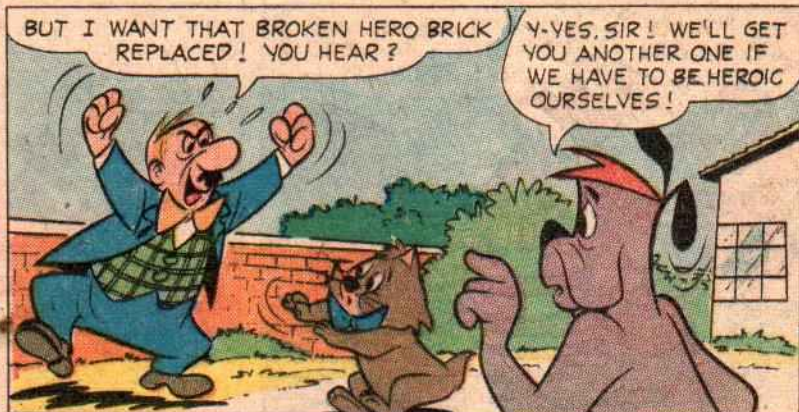
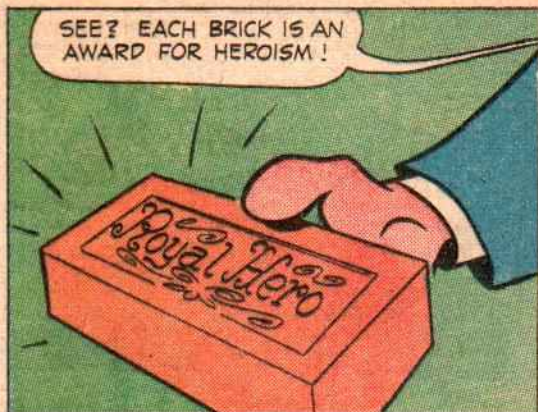
WE'RE MORE SORRY THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE!

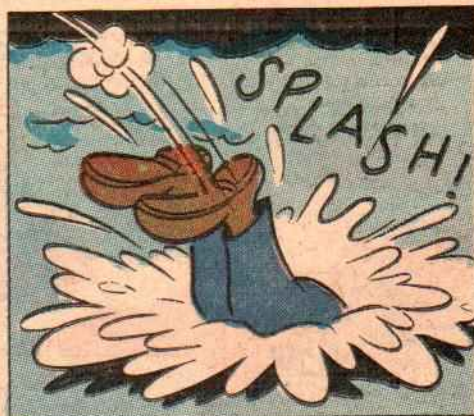


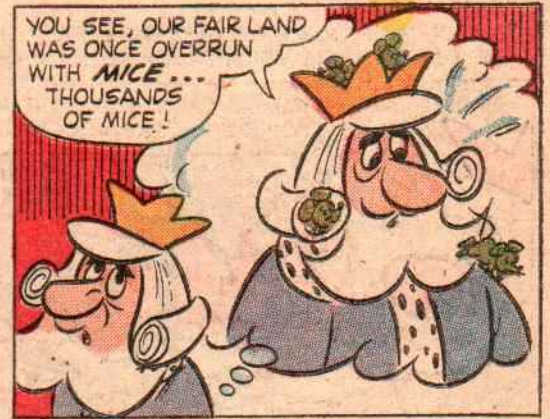
BUT DON'T WORRY... WE'LL REBUILD YOUR WALL, SIR!

AWK! ONE OF THE BRICKS IS BROKEN!







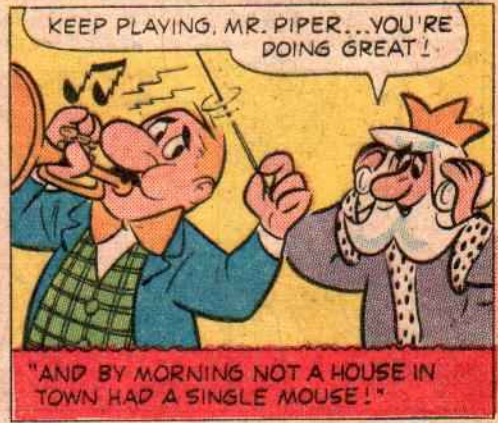


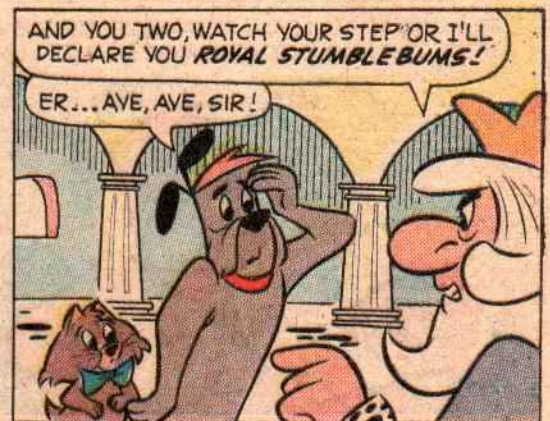
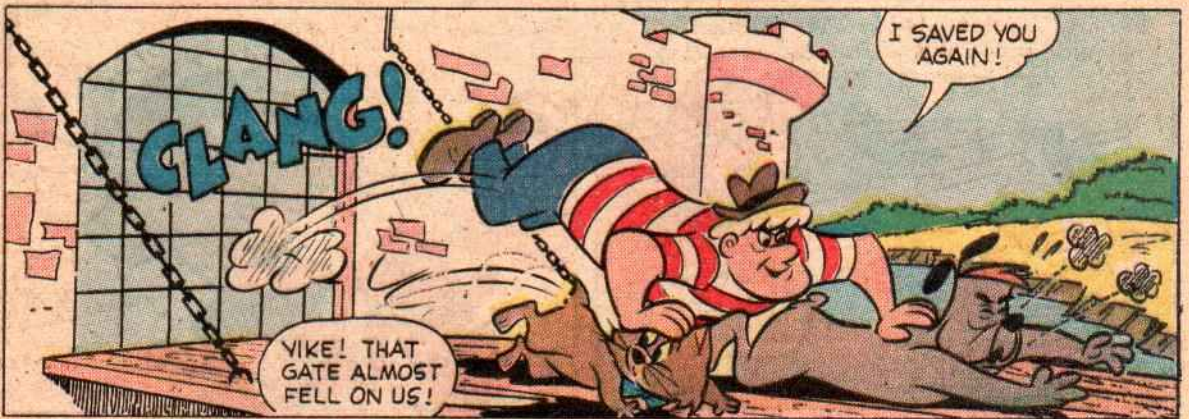
"I FIGURED SOME KIND OF MEDAL OR AWARD WOULD ENCOURAGE THE PEOPLE TO TRAP MICE! NATURALLY, I COULDN'T AFFORD TO GIVE AWAY **GOLD** OR **SILVER** MEDALS...AND SINCE BRICKS ARE CHEAP AND PLENTIFUL..."



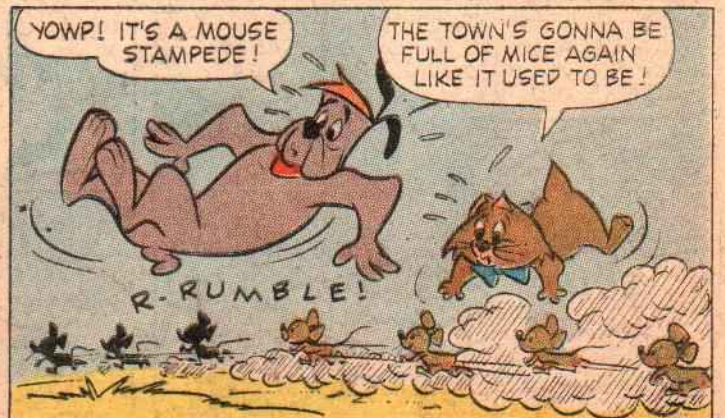
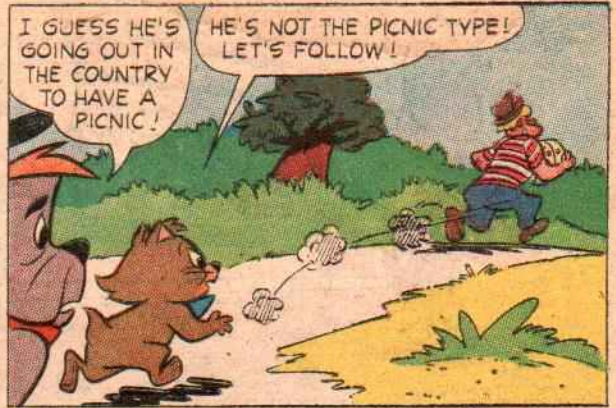


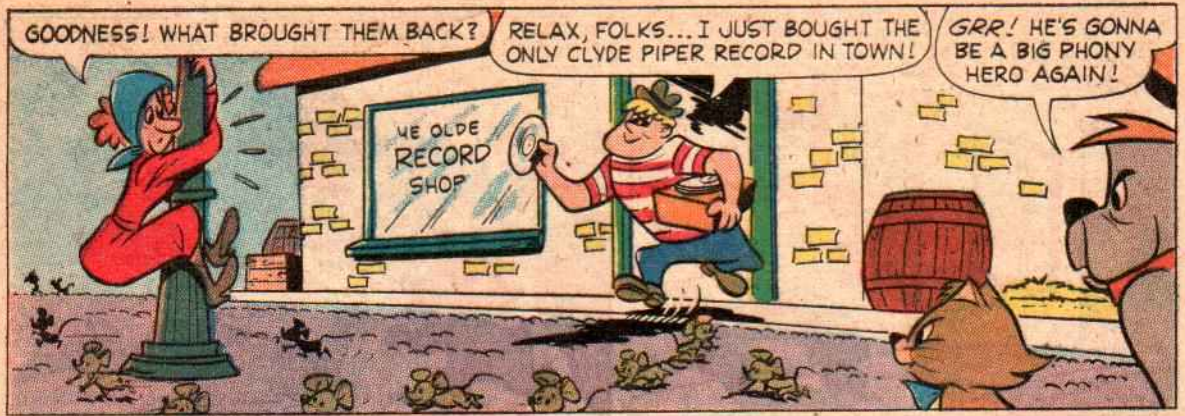
"NO, CLYDE DIDN'T *CATCH* THEM EXACTLY! YOU SEE, HE WAS A BAND LEADER WHO CAME TO PLAY FOR A ROYAL BALL I THREW..."











GOODNESS! WHAT BROUGHT THEM BACK?

RELAX, FOLKS... I JUST BOUGHT THE ONLY CLYDE PIPER RECORD IN TOWN!

GRR! HE'S GONNA BE A BIG PHONY HERO AGAIN!



HA, HA! DIG THAT AWFUL RACKET AND ROLL MUSIC, MICE!



HUH? IT DOESN'T SOUND THE SAME AS WHEN CLYDE PIPER PLAYED IT IN PERSON!

IT'S NOT SENDING THE MICE AWAY!



OF COURSE IT DOESN'T SOUND THE SAME AS THE REAL THING... HERE IN RODENTIA ALL WE HAVE ARE LO-FI RECORD PLAYERS!

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO LURE MICE INTO TOWN!

WHAT'S THAT?



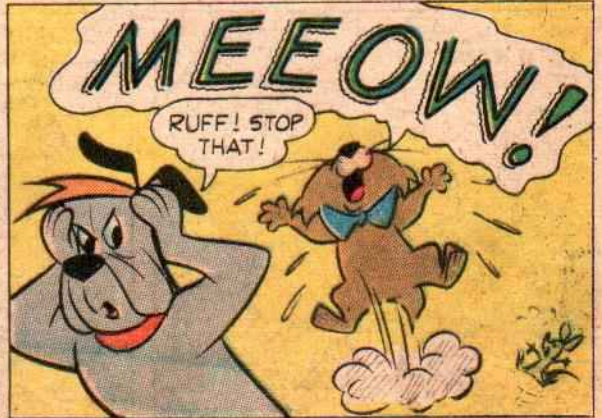
HE'S A HEEL NOT A HERO!

YOU'LL LOSE ALL YOUR HERO BRICKS FOR THIS!



MAYBE IF WE TRY REAL HARD WE CAN LEARN HOW TO PLAY RACKET AND ROLL AND CHASE THE MICE!

I'VE GOT A FASTER IDEA!



MEEOW!

RUFF! STOP THAT!



EH? THE MICE ARE HEADING FOR THE HILLS AGAIN!

SURE! WHY ELSE DO YOU SUPPOSE WE *CATS* EXIST?



So... WE'VE ESTIMATED THAT YOU'VE EARNED APPROXIMATELY 4,350 HERO BRICKS!

GOSH! WE DON'T NEED *THAT* MANY!

JUST *ONE* FOR MR. PIPER'S WALL!



ER... PLUS ENOUGH FOR US TO BUILD A DOGHOUSE!

JUST AS YOU SAY!



AND...

WELL, THANKS, KING!

LOOK OUT! THE BRICKS ARE TOPPLING!



GOT TO DIG THEM OUT!



HEH! THANKS, KING! YOU'RE SORT OF A HERO YOURSELF!

WHY, SO I AM... I NEVER THOUGHT I HAD IT IN ME!



WHAT A SWELL FEELING!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK IN HIS EYE!

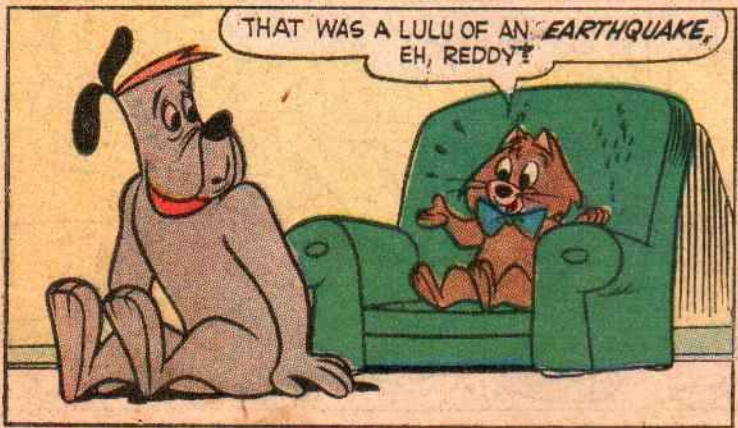
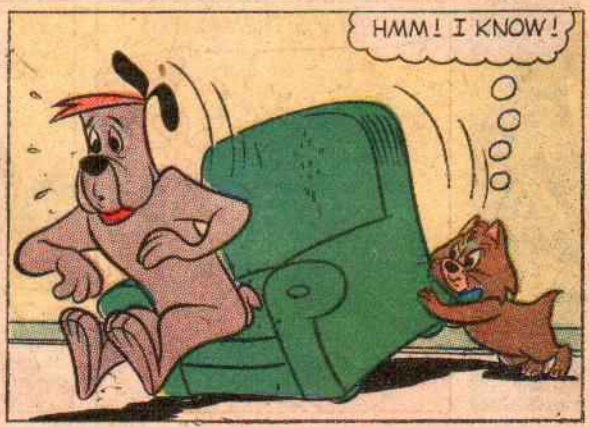
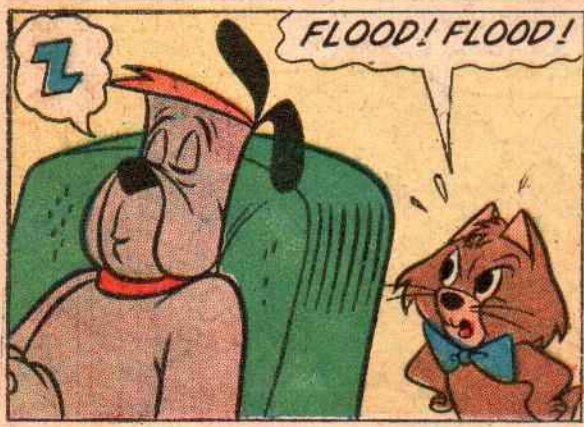
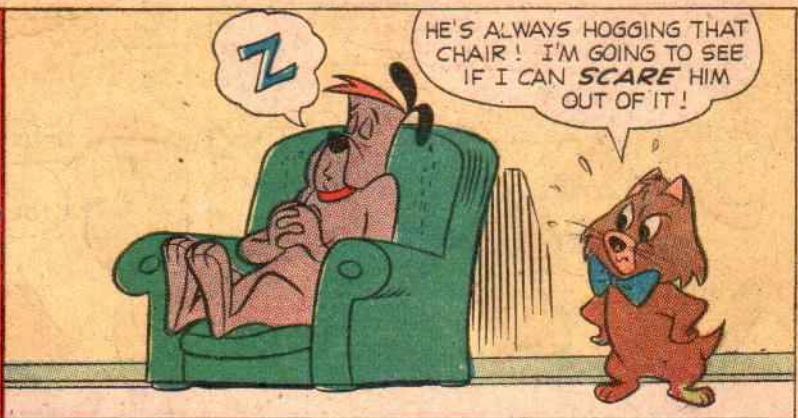


STICK AROUND, FELLAS! YOU'RE SO EASY TO RESCUE... MAYBE (HEH-HEH!) JUST *MAYBE* SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU AGAIN!

LET'S JUST SETTLE FOR *ONE* BRICK AND MAKE A FAST GETAWAY!

RUFF and REDDY

DISASTER DAY



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RUFF and REDDY

CAGEY CAT



HERE'S THE WINDUP, AND...

